

# THE SWAMP SECRET.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

By EBBE E. REKFOR.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

CONTINUED.

Mrs. Boone and Samantha and the two girls remained at home during the morning exercises. They were in too nervous a condition to feel like attending this meeting until the result of the meeting which had probably taken place in the Big Swamp was known.

Mr. Wayne seemed thoughtful and preoccupied as he made his morning toilet, preparatory to fulfilling his duty as leader of the singing.

"If he only knew what I know," Samantha kept saying to herself, as she watched him as furtively as a cat watches a mouse. "If he did, I'll bet he wouldn't feel like puttering 'round with that neck-hank'cher o' his'n. He'd be a-thinkin' o' the neck-tie that's waitin' fer him."

And then, when she realized that it was not only possible, but altogether probable, that this man would be hanging by his neck, dead, before the day was done, she felt a great thrill of horror going over her, and wanted to run away somewhere and hide.

When he had gone to camp-meeting she put on her sunbonnet and ran over to Mrs. Boone's, to wait, with the women there, for the return of the men from the swamp.

It seemed as if the forenoon would never end. First one and then another would run to the door to see if they were coming.

It was about twelve o'clock when a party of grim and determined looking men halted near the edge of the grove in which the camp-meeting was held. Their clothes were torn and stained with the black soil of the swamp. Their faces had a tense, strained expression in them, along with a look that told they had accomplished a purpose which had hitherto been baffled.

The sound of singing came to them, blown across the forest by the soft, south wind. Distinctly above all other voices could be heard Wayne's, in the old hymn:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.  
The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day,  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away."

"There's suthin' quite appropriate about the dyin' thief," one of the men said. "He wouldn't feel like singin' hymns of he knew what our arrand was."

"S'posen you call him out, Bill Green," said Speers. "Du it kinder slick, s'not to make any fuss, ef ye can help it. We don't want to 'sturb the meetin'."

Bill Green made his way across the woods to the camp-meeting grounds. The hymn was just concluded, and Wayne was sitting among his scholars, cool and quiet, and seemingly as much at ease as ever in his life.

"Have you found out anything?" the men and women kept asking Bill, as he passed them. But he did not stop to answer them. He went up to Wayne and touched him on the shoulder.

"You're wanted," he said. Wayne looked at him with a perceptibly paling face.

"Who wants me?" he asked. "What am I wanted for?"

"Come out where we won't be pestered by folks askin' questions, an' I'll explain to ye," said Bill.

Wayne looked keenly at Bill, but he could make out nothing from his scrutiny. Mr. Green's face was as unreadable as that of the Sphinx.

They joined the men who were waiting at the edge of the grove.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Wayne. "Have you found any traces of the horse-thieves yet?"

"Yes, we have," was the reply, and the speaker looked him straight in the eye.

"Ah," Wayne's face lost its color, and his voice sounded hard and tense. "Where are they?"

"Four of 'em are under ground," was the reply. "An' the fifth has been redy to put under ever sence las' night. Two of 'em did with bullet holes thru' 'em, an' three with ropes 'round their necks."

Wayne was ghastly white now. He knew that they were telling him the truth.

He gave one swift glance to left and right. In an instant his plan of escape was formed. He sprang toward the woods. Once in it he might succeed in getting away. It was his only chance.

But they had been on the lookout for something of this kind, and he felt himself in the grasp of strong hands before he had taken a dozen steps.

"Y' can't come that on us," said Bill Green. "Y' stole all the singin'-schools y' ever will. There's a tree 'ven a-waitin'-fer ye years, down in the Big Swamp."

Wayne made one more wild and desperate effort to break away from his captors, but in vain. He was in a grasp of iron.

Ten minutes later he was being hurried toward the Big Swamp.

The pallor of his face was frightful, but he said not a word after being satisfied that it was useless for him to try to escape.

At the junction of the swamp and high land they met the men who had remained behind to bring out the horses.

Dick was one of this party. He started when he saw Wayne in the same situation he had been in but a few hours before, and turned away, sick at heart. He had seen three men dangling from the limb of an old cypress, that morning, and he could not get rid of the horrible sight.

"We're a-goin' to take him to that place we see, when we was a-goin down, where the ol' tree is with the limb stickin' out as ef it was a-waitin' fer suthin' to be hung on it. Will you come back with us or wait here?"

"We'll wait here," the men in charge of the horses decided.

Bill Green unstrapped a small chain from Nell's bridle. It was five or six feet long and had been used in place of a halter.

"We'll use this," he said, "an' we'll leave it as we use it."

Then they went on down the creek with the doomed man between them, and not a word was spoken until they reached the island where the old cedar grew, grim and gray, and gnarled into fantastic shapes, with long wreaths of moss hanging to its branches, and swaying slowly in the dumb wind which blew about the lonesome spot.

"Number One," said Bill Green, like a judge passing sentence of death on a murderer, as they passed beneath the outstretched arm of the old cedar, "it's purty nigh all over with ye in this world. Hev' anything to say? Ef ye hev, say it now."

"Do what you're going to do, and have done with it," answered Wayne, through ashen lips. And that was all.

The chain was fastened about his neck, and some of the men lifted him up while one climbed on the old limb and secured the fatal links about it.

"Ready?" asked Bill Green, hoarsely.

"Aye, all ready!" was the reply. And then—

They turned away as silently as they had come, and left the leader of the league of six swinging from the old cedar, whose fate it was to bear that horrible burden, a ghastly, frightful record of frontier vengeance.

"Oh, mother, they're coming at last!" cried Nannie.

"Be they all there?" asked Mrs. Boone, faintly.

"Yes, they're all there," answered Nannie. "Father and Uncle Ezra and Nell and Doll—and Dick!"

"Hooray! Three cheers fer Dick Brayton!" shouted the men, as they caught sight of the women.

The Sabbath quiet was broken by three hearty, ringing cheers which echoed far and wide, and were heard at the camp-meeting ground, telling everybody there that the horse-thieves had been found at last.

"Oh, Dick," cried Nannie, throwing herself into his arms, and caring nothing if all the world saw and heard her, "I used you shamefully! I'm sorry for it! If you can forgive me—"

"I can forgive anything and everybody," he said, and made the assertion emphatic with a kiss.

That night the camp-meeting was a wonderful success. The excitement of the last few hours had prepared the way for a state of feeling calculated to make any camp-meeting successful, and those who had hunted horse-thieves went into religious work with heart and soul.

Deacon Snyder exhorted with peculiar power, bringing in frequent allusions to his stolen horses, which Providence had seen fit to restore to him, and the result of the exhortation was that Bill Green, whose convictions had been in a state of suspense since last night, took up the matter where he had left it when he turned out to look for Mr. Boone's horses, and was converted.

"An' he was converted good an' strong, too," Deacon Snyder used to say, in after years, when relating the events of this memorable camp-meeting. He never ceased to look upon Bill as a star in his crown—a brand he had plucked from the burning.

Samantha finally overcame her "baptist" scruples, and got up in meeting and "told her experience," to which she added a supplement, narrating the trouble she could not get rid of because of what she had done on Saturday night.

The elder got up when she sat down, and said that he felt, for one, as if she had done nothing to be sorry for. In his opinion, she had done just right. The Lord would surely punish the transgressor, and sometimes he made men and women His agents. She had been merely an agent in the hands of the Lord in the punishment of this sinner. That was all, and she had no right to feel like grieving over it. In his opinion, she had more right to be proud of having been selected as His agent in the matter. And he believed that every person in the hearing of his voice agreed with him.

In response to this public vindication of her act, such a chorus of "Yes, Lord!" and "Amen!" went up from the crowd that Samantha's heart was eased of its burden. And so grateful was she to the minister that she married him, six months later, and was ever afterward known in Brownsville as the "presidin' elder's wife."

I was in Brownsville last summer. Stopping over night with one of its residents, I took the opportunity to make some inquiries.

"Du I know the Braytons?" exclaimed the old lady of whom I asked my question. "Sh'd say I did! Why, Mis' Brayton—she that used to be Nancy Boone—she lived not more'n a mile from where I did, when I was a gal, an' we're allus know'd each other—bro't right up together, so to speak. Right smart family, them Braytons. Nancy's oldest son, he's a preacher, an' he's married to a d'ater o' Rhody Holdredge's, she that ust to be Rhody Stevens. The other boys, they're smart as steel-traps, an' she's got a d'ater that's the peartest gal in all these parts. Know the Braytons? He, hei! Ruther reckon I du."

THE END.

## HYPNOTISM IN SURGERY.

USED SOMETIMES BY DOCTORS IN PLACE OF ANÆSTHETICS.

A New York Physician Says He Has Found It of Service—Its Effect on the Operator—Hypnotizing a Person at a Distance—Theories About Hypnotism.

"Do you use the hypnotic influence in your practice?" asked a New York Sun reporter of Dr. Robert A. Gunn, who is a firm believer in hypnotism.

"Yes," said Dr. Gunn. "Occasionally I do. But not as often as I used to. It is not because I have less confidence in it, but because I have been too busy to experiment with it. I do not think that the greatest success lies in the use of the hypnotic power by the physician or surgeon himself. For instance, in the case of a surgical operation the better arrangement would be to have a regular hypnotist place the patient under control, just as we have a doctor simply to give the chloroform or ether. Then the operating surgeon has no strain upon his own nerves, and can give his entire concentrated attention to the operation."

"Is the exercise of the hypnotic power exhausting to the operator?" "Not exactly exhausting, but it does take something from him. For instance, on one occasion I invited a number of friends to my house for the purpose of showing them some experiments in hypnotism. I spent about three hours at the work, and after they had all gone I sat down at my desk, intending to prepare an article to be sent to the printer in the morning. The subject was one with which I was perfectly familiar, and ordinarily I could have prepared the paper in a very short time. On this occasion, however, I was incapable of constructing a single sentence. I had no particular sense of exhaustion; I simply felt like remaining perfectly quiet, and I finally gave up the attempt to write that night."

"Soon after that I wanted to devote an evening to hypnotic experiments, so concluded to do my writing in the afternoon and have it out of the way before evening. I wrote for over three hours and up to within a few minutes of the time set for the experiments. Although I had the same subjects as before, all of my experiments were unsatisfactory and some of them were total failures. I had evidently exhausted my nervous energy by close application to mental work, and there had not been a sufficient interval for recuperation."

"Could you hypnotize a person in the same room with you without making an open attempt to do so?" "Not unless I had hypnotized the same person a number of times before. It is always more difficult to hypnotize a person the first time than it is afterward. The more frequently it is done, the more susceptible the subject becomes."

"Have you ever hypnotized a person at a distance?" "Yes, in one case. I had been treating a woman for insomnia. I had on repeated occasions put her to sleep through hypnotic influence. One evening I said to her: 'I am not coming to-morrow night, Mrs. —' but at 10 o'clock exactly I shall try to put you to sleep just as if I were here. The next evening I went home so that at 10 o'clock I could settle myself for a concentrated effort to hypnotize my patient. I conjured up the picture of the room, of all her surroundings, of herself, and then I tried to put her to sleep. The next day she told me that she had gone to sleep soon after 10 and had enjoyed a good night's rest. Well, of course, I put it down to her imagination and concluded to test her. I told her that I would try again that night at the same hour. But I did not. I went out with a friend and did not come home until late."

"The next day she said: 'Doctor, you didn't do as you said you would. I was awake until 2 or 3 o'clock this morning. I assured her that I had tried to influence her and that I would try again that night. Again, however, I did not. I wrote until about 1 a. m., and then I concentrated my mind on my patient and tried to put her to sleep. In the morning she told me that at 10 o'clock she was perfectly wide awake and remained so until 1 o'clock, when she suddenly became drowsy and soon went to sleep."

"Is hypnotism used in any of the New York hospitals?" "I don't think so. It is in France and Italy that the greatest experiments have been made. In the famous hospital at Nancy, in France, thousands of insane patients are treated by hypnotism every year, and wonderful results are obtained."

"How long does it take to put different subjects under hypnotic control?" "Of course that varies greatly. Some persons can be hypnotized in two or three minutes. With others several attempts, of half an hour at a time, are necessary. It grows easier with repetition. Some are susceptible at the very start. I had one patient, a woman, who had an obstruction of the tea-duct, so that the tears continually ran down her cheeks. I had repeatedly asked her to let me operate on it, but she would not listen to the idea. Finally a small abscess formed and she came to me again. I urged her to let me operate, but she would not consent. I had noticed that when I treated her eye I seemed to have a soothing effect on her, so without saying anything to her I began stroking her forehead and eyes, but only as if I were examining the afflicted part. She began to get drowsy and I quickly put her to sleep, made a slit and inserted a probe, extracted the matter, and fixed the thing up properly, then awakened her."

"She wouldn't believe it when I told her I had operated on her, so I turned the eyelid over and showed her the cut. 'Oh, well,' she said, 'it was always that way!' Then I put her to sleep again, inserted the probe, and left it there while I awakened her. That convinced her, but when I went to take out the probe she screamed and wouldn't let me touch her. I had to put her to sleep a third time in order to get the probe out. After that she came every morning for a while, let me put her to sleep, and insert the probe; then sat in the outer office for half an hour, with the probe in place, and after that was put to sleep again to have it removed."

"A Moment of Awful Suspense."

"The nervous strain on the engineer of a fast train is something enormous," said one of them the other day. "Not only the lives of the passengers are at stake, but there is the constant fear of running over some one on the track. An accident, no matter how innocent the engineer, is always a kind of hoodoo."

"What was my worst accident? I shall never forget it. If it had been traced on my mind by a streak of lightning, it couldn't have made a more lasting impression. It happened one bright moonlight night in November. We were spinning over the rails at full speed across country where there were few people passing at that time of night, when I looked out and saw the figure of a man lying across the track not ten feet in front of the engine. I stopped as quick as possible, but too late, of course. We had run over him, and the lifeless body was under the wheels."

"We got out to look for him and found his hat, a piece of his coat sleeve and one of his shoes, but the rest seemed to be further back under the train. I backed up the engine and got out to look again. There lay the body. I nearly fainted when I saw its distorted form. I felt like a murderer."

"Did I know the man? No, not personally. He was a scare-crowd from a neighboring corn field."—Detroit Free Press.

A Profitable Tree.

"What do you think of one apple tree from which ninety boxes of fruit were gathered in one year?" queried P. W. Tonnason, the county fruit inspector. "Well, it's a fact. Just across the Puyallup River bridge on Main street of Puyallup, on Mr. Lacy's place stands an apple tree, the record of which might be placed among the historical archives of the State. The tree measures five and a half feet in circumference, and is somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty-five years old. It is of the Waxen variety. According to Mr. Lacy's statement, the tree has borne this year about ninety boxes of apples, most of them being salable fruit. Mr. Larson, the former proprietor, stated, while living on the place several years ago, that the tree has been a regular bearer, and that it had averaged between fifty and seventy-five boxes of apples during the past twenty years. The huge tree presents a remarkable appearance in the spring when in full blossom. It is without doubt the largest and most prolific bearing apple tree in the State."—Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

Hot and Cold Penholder.

An ingenious Frenchman has patented an article which he terms "a hot and cold penholder." The holder consists of a cylinder pierced with three small openings at its upper part, and inclosing for winter use a combustible carbon cylinder, or for summer a wad of sponge or cotton impregnated with a solution of sal ammoniac. To "start up the works" in the winter time the carbon cylinder is lighted and placed in the holder; the other cylinder with the nib is slid on the latter, and the paper tube is then fixed over both. In summer, the chemically saturated wad produces sufficient cold to keep the hand cool while using the pen. —Philadelphia Record.

Lady Somerset's Gift.

Lady Henry Somerset has given the town of Reigate, England, sufficient land for the erection of ten almshouses. This gift is in connection with the scheme for the erection of almshouses at Reigate in commemoration of the diamond jubilee. One of the conditions of the gift is that on the governing body of the almshouses there shall be not less than three women, and in deference to Lady Henry's wish a scheme in which provision is made for this representation has been drafted for submission to a town meeting shortly to be convened.

Women in the Professions.

Women are allowed to practice law in New Zealand. But in a recent letter to a London paper mention is made of the suicide of a female lawyer who had waited three years in vain for clients. Reference is also made to thirty-two women who passed examinations as teachers, but were unable to get places, as men are preferred for the high schools.

"Have you found that there are any after effects of hypnotism?"

"No, except beneficial ones."

"What is your theory about hypnotism?"

"Well, I don't agree with a number of explanations, so called, which have been advanced. The physicians of the German school ascribe all the phenomena to the influence of 'suggestion,' but they don't explain what causes the condition in which a subject becomes susceptible to this suggestion. The physicians of the French school say that all hypnotic subjects are in a diseased condition and that the hypnotic state is simply a form of hysterical seizure. I consider this an error. I have hypnotized subjects whom I consider normal and healthy. Hammond, Beard, and others who have been compelled to acknowledge the genuineness of the phenomena, explain them as resulting from 'a polarization of the attention,' whatever they may mean by that."

"I regard the hypnotic power as a concentration of nerve force. Every time we have a thought, an emotion, a sensation, there is an explosion of nerve cells in us. It is this explosion which produces nerve force. It is this force, in a peculiar degree, which constitutes personal magnetism. The orator who sways his hearers to alternate tears and laughter possesses it in an unusual degree. This nerve force has a particular character in different individuals. Like different chemical elements, these 'auras' sometimes meet and mingle, sometimes meet and repel each other. When they are agreeable to each other there is friendship. When this is carried to a higher degree we have love. By a concentration of will power we can direct the current of nerve force and magnetism and make it influence another person. By repeating this effort at concentration and direction we gain more and more perfect control over the current and it becomes constantly stronger. That seems to me to be the secret of the hypnotic power."

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## THE REALM OF FASHION.

Popular as the regulation shirt waist has become, asserts May Manton, there is a demand for something slightly more snug, which at the same



LADIES' AND MISSES' WAIST.

time can be worn for occasions of simple dress. The design shown in the illustration is peculiarly suited to such purpose and is stylish as well as entirely comfortable. The foundation is a fitted lining showing single in place of double bust-darts. The fullness at both back and fronts is laid in fine gathers at the shoulder seams and is drawn down smoothly at the waist line. The under-arm gores which connect the fronts and the back are smooth-fitting and render the adjustment more snug than is possible where they are omitted from the silk. The sleeves are two-seamed and are finished with slight puffs at the shoulders. At the neck is a stock collar and plisse bow of the material and at the waist is shown a belt of black silk.

To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require four and one-half yards of twenty-two-inch material.

Ladies' Fur Collarette.

No feature of the season is more noticeable, says May Manton, than the preference shown for collarettes of all

sorts. The one shown in the large picture is stylish at the same time that it is easily made. The fitted collar and yoke portion is cut in sections and may be either tabbed at the neck and pointed at the lower edge, or plainly finished after the manner of the back. The deep fall of fur is attached to the foundation at the round edge or beneath the points. The entire cape is lined with silk, with the exception of the collar which is faced with fur. As illustrated, the deep yoke and high standing collar are of astrakhan, the cape portion of long-haired fur; but various combinations and materials are equally suitable. Seal plush or velours with fur is always good, and old-fashioned capes and jackets of both genuine and electric seal can be remodeled with certain success.

To make the collarette for a lady of medium size will require one and one-half yards of twenty-two-inch or seven-eighths of a yard of fifty-four-inch material.

Curly Locks Losing Favor.

A dressmaker who has just returned from a visit to Paris says that in the French capital, in spite of the efforts of the hairdressers, the locks of French women are steadily resuming their natural straightness. This is not to be attributed to any want of skill on the part of the coiffeurs, but merely to the fact that French women have rebelled against their dainties, and, having lost a large proportion of their hair through the constant application of hot tongs, have now renounced their use. The wave has almost disappeared and the head has been allowed to resume its natural size.

A similar tendency is beginning to be seen here, and for the same reason. Most women are beginning to realize that our hair is getting into a horribly ragged condition, and unless we are numbered among the lucky ones whose tresses will wave without heat we feel that for many months to come it will need a rest. The hair should now be gathered up loosely on the crown of the head, and it can easily be kept in place there by a strong tortoise shell hairpin without the necessity of tying it, which nearly always results in wearing and breaking the hair.

The New Flexible Jewelry.

Flexibility is the leading characteristic of all the newest jewelry, many of the diamond necklets being deco-

rated with flexible ends, in the forms of loops and tassels, carried out entirely in the same precious stones. A diamond corsage ornament has two flexible ends, each being a mass of tiny stones, a sort of diamond rain, drooping downward from a scroll-shaped top, and finished with two large pearl drops. Many large pearls appear, too, in a beautiful diamond necklace, which is so contrived that it can be used when required in the form of a tiara, or even as an ornament for the bodice.

Fancies in Dress Trimming.

Olive-shaped buttons covered with gilt, silver, black and colored silks, are one of the fancies in dress trimming and is an old fashion revived. One pretty example of their use is in a collar band of white satin made in two narrow bands, with several rows of machine stitching for a finish, and put together with one row of little gold ovals not much more than half an inch long and not a little distance apart, forming an open insertion. This collar is shaped to flare out a little from the neck, but it is of the usual width and not at all a high collar.

The Butterfly in Embroidery.

The omnipresent butterfly, in the finest of fine embroidery is to be seen on the finest and daintiest of lingerie. Some of the daintiest of hand-made, real-lace-trimmed chemises have lapels turned over in the front, edged with the lace, and with each a butterfly on the plain sheer nainsook. The pretty laced-trimmed pantaloons which go with the chemise also have the butterfly at the side where the deep lace frill is drawn up with a bow.

The Flaring Hat.

There is something irritating about these hats turned straight up in front and standing mountain high, far back over the head. The brim is a sort of fence. Five, six or seven feathers, as the case may be, all in a row and as stiff as a poker, stand peering over it. It will take some time to get used to this particular shape, and women who



A STYLISH FUR COLLARETTE.

mean to wear it should have an eye to the lines of the face and be duly mindful of their shortcomings in other directions. The safest all-round hat is the English walking hat, and it is always in good form.

Ladies' and Misses' Fancy Muff.

Fancy muffs of all sorts are much in vogue and are extremely stylish as well as easily made. The model shown is of astrakhan combined with long-haired fur. The centre, or main portion, consists of one long, narrow piece, the ends of which are seamed at the back and then laid in one deep plait. The full portions of long-haired fur are circular in shape and should

mean to wear it should have an eye to the lines of the face and be duly mindful of their shortcomings in other directions. The safest all-round hat is the English walking hat, and it is always in good form.

A Fudd'nhead Wilson Case.

An extraordinary example of efficiency of the thumb impression method of identification has happened in Bengal, India. Some months ago the manager of a tea-garden in the Doonay was brutally murdered, the murderer getting clean away, as the crime was not discovered until some time after his commission. For some time the police were at fault, until it was discovered that the murderer, in ransacking among some papers of the deceased, had smudged a Bengal atlas with his thumb. The atlas was forwarded to the Bureau, where the thumb impressions of criminals are kept, when it was discovered that the impression on the atlas corresponded with the thumb recorded of a noted criminal then at large. The man was arrested on this evidence, and other evidence subsequently accumulated to connect him with the crime.—Homeward Mail.

A King as Liveryman.

In Norway there is a "pretender." He isn't actively engaged in pretending, but he keeps a livery stable. He is Ivar Toffte.

He traces his descent straight down from Harold Harefair—Harold the Fair-Haired—and says he is really King of Norway. This Harold's date the chronologers give as from 880 to 933. In his own district Ivar Toffte is considered King, and disputes have been brought to him to settle just as if he were King, disputes which would not be taken to the real sovereign.

Russian Eggs.

Enormous quantities of Russian eggs are consumed in England; during 1896 St. Petersburg alone shipped to English ports no fewer than 69,500,000 eggs, these being carefully assorted and "packed in the best straw in cases of 1560 each." The total quantity of eggs from all Russian ports is 230,000 cases, or the enormous total of 345,000,000.—London Sketch.

Safest Lightning Rods.

Electricians have lately been experimenting on the efficacy of lightning rods, there being a difference of opinion whether a thin or a thick lightning rod should be employed. But according to actual observations made on the rods during the heavy storms, a stout rod, one having a large diameter of metal, is the safer.

Fashionable Hair Ornament.